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Teenage Poetry - Australian

A 821

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THANKS

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Cleeland High Poetry Anthology. The book contains poems written in the classroom during my ten week stay as poet-in-residence; as well as poems written before I arrived & poems written out of school hours & dropped into the "Poetry Box" in the school library.

These poems were selected from over 1000 given to me by the students. Many poems have missed selection, not because I thought they were unsuitable, but because of lack of space.

Two of my aims were to try to make poetry fun & accessible: to show that poetry has relevance to our lives & to the events going on around us. I told the students that contemporary poetry has no rules; that it is basically a concise form of communication. Poetry can help us say things we wouldn't normally contemplate in everyday conversation; it reaches into the depths of our consciousness & pulls out things we hadn't realized were there.

This anthology was published to provide the students with an outlet for their feelings, emotions & concerns as teenagers. Life can be tough or seem meaningless & self-expression through creative pursuits sometimes helps to alleviate frustrations.

So get comfortable with your copy of the anthology - be prepared to laugh, frown & drown in these poems. They contain pleas, wishes, plans, pains, conflicts, observations & insights into the teenage condition.

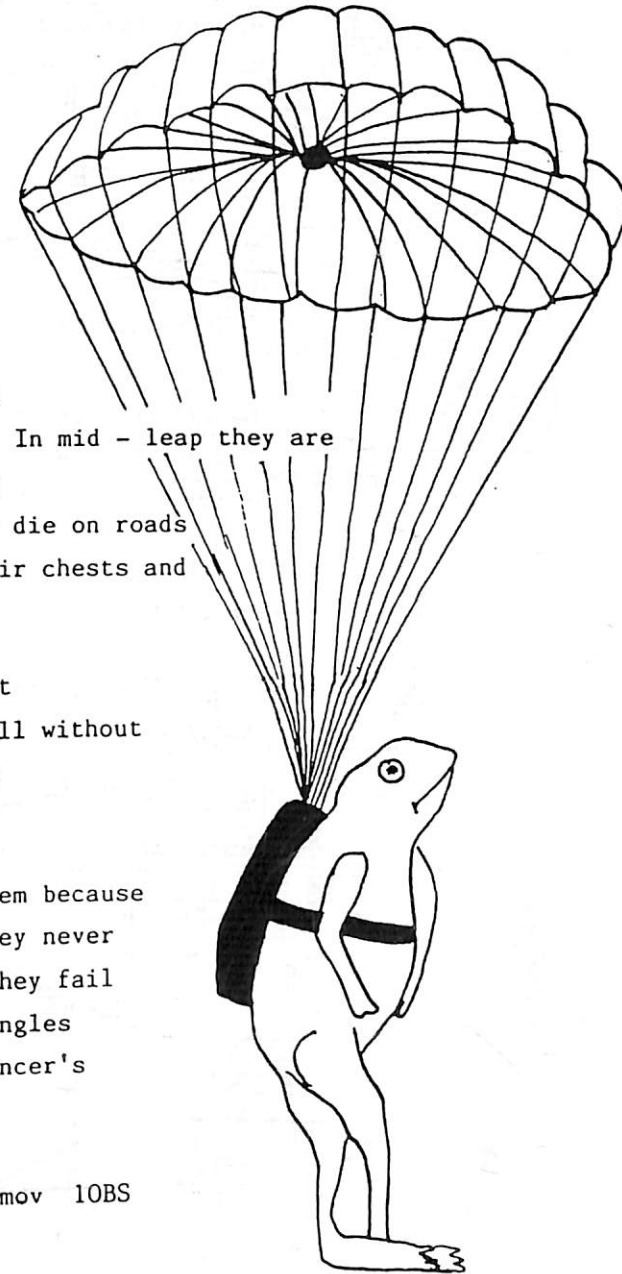
Myron Lysenko
Editor

FROGS

Frogs sit more solid
Than anything sits. In mid - leap they are
Parachutists falling
In a freefall. They die on roads
With arms across their chests and
Head high.

I love frogs that sit
Like Buddha, that fall without
Parachutes, that die
Like Italian tenors.

Above all, I love them because
Pursued in water, they never
Panic so much that they fail
To make stylish triangles
With their ballet dancer's
Legs.



Mersou Muaremov 10BS

MYSELF

My name is Jessica
Most of my friends call me Jess
Or Tomboy.

I love climbing trees or mountains.

I'm 12 years old.

I hate wearing dresses but like
Wearing pants....

My friends call me tomboy because
I dress like a boy and have
Short hair like boys.

I like playing football but hate
Netball.

Most of my clothes are blue
Black or white.

I wish I could travel around the
World and go to the jungle.

Joelle 8CM

MYSELF

My name is Rosey
I'm thirteen years old
I have one sister
I hate mushroom and green beans
I love eating chinese food
My favourite person in the world
is Kylie Minogue
I would love to meet her

MYSELF



MYSELF



MYSELF

My hair colour is black
with a blue strip in it.
I wish you could tell your parents
To get lost
And anything you wanted.
I would love to be in a movie with
Charlie sheen
I would love to be able to drive
At the age of thirteen

I hate it when people go bald.
I would love to have my own country
And own an airport.

I hate it when boys think
They're smarter than girls.

ANON.

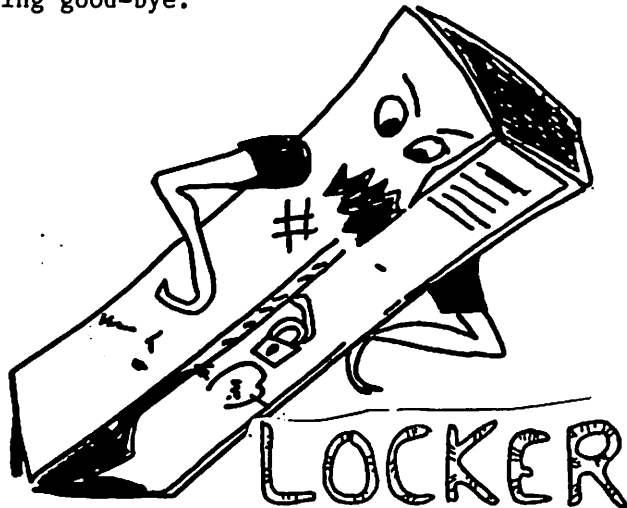
MYSELF

THE

I lean on the wall
seven days a week.
They stuff me with
books and rotten fruit.
They bang me.

They write on my skin.
They lock me up,
don't let me out.
They bang me.

They make rude gestures
when they can't open me.
They bang me.
They leave
without saying good-bye.

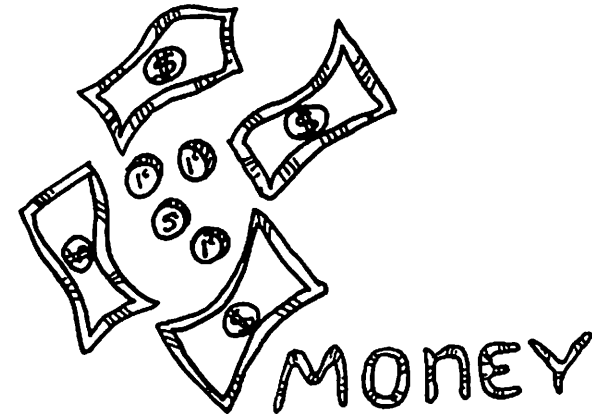


Year 9CH eng

SOCCER

Playing
soccer and then
the other team scores
a goal we
weren't happy because
the ball was all ways
on their
side

Adam Sulemanovski 9BG



I wish for a lot of money
About ten million would be fine
But it would be hard
To carry in my pockets.

Karen 8CM



DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE

One day I will
die die die die die die

DIE

then

One day I will be born
born born born born

BORN

again

Trevor Smith 8MG



I ASKED IF SHE LOVED ME

At school the first Monday back,
I went up to her locker
And asked her is she loved me.

She turned her head and hesitated,
She moved close as if to kiss me
But she knocked me out instead.

Jim M. 8MG

ONE IN EVERY TEN GO MAD

One in every ten go mad

One in every ten go mad

They tell me

One in every ten go mad

Maybe one day I will go mad

I hope my sister goes mad

But maybe she already is

Robbie Anderson

IN JAIL

If you want it

Come and get it

I'm not giving

It to ya

I'm not waiting

Any longer

You'll never get it

Now will ya

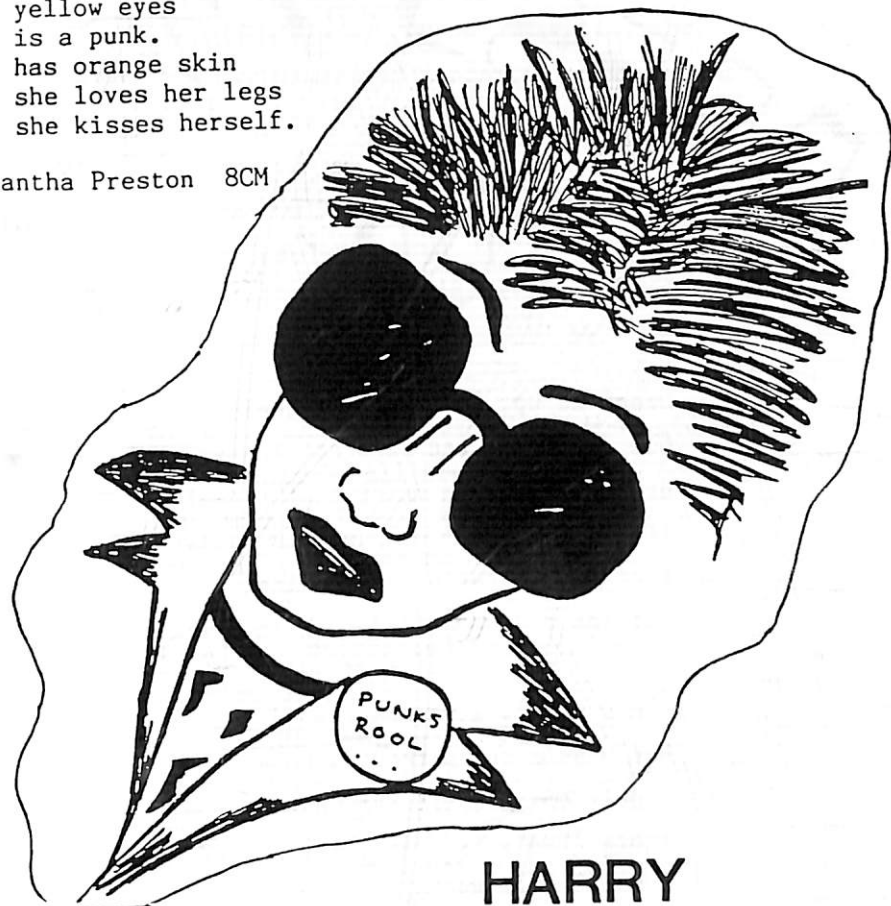
Happiness.

Stuart 8MG

SHE HAS PURPLE HAIR

She has purple hair
And yellow eyes
And is a punk.
She has orange skin
And she loves her legs
And she kisses herself.

Samantha Preston 8CM



MOODS

I laugh when I'm happy
I cry when I'm sad
I scream when I'm angry

BECAUSE

That's what life is about.

Cindy Tzimas 10MD

HARRY

My name is Harry
I like to bang my head.
I never wear white
I always wear black.
Comedy is the greatest
Horror in between
And danger roolz
Especially at night.

Robert Yette 8CM

DRESS ME
UP

Dress me up, I know I'm a dummy
but I'm naked and it's not funny;
dress me up in a skirt that's neat,
find a plain one or one with a pleat,
find a top that's really nice,
not the red one, I've worn it twice.

I'm a model, I've understood
but what's one without a hood?
A pair of sneakers are what I need,
those lovely red ones, yes indeed.
A vinyl belt would be great,
forget the leather, the one I hate.

Now I'm ready for display,
I wonder tomorrow,
what I'll have to say...

Monique Perin 8MG

SUDDEN

(dedicated to my cousin, Michelle, who
lost her boyfriend Santo, in the Carwatha
High Tragedy.)

Together walking in the street,
holding hands with me
I'd never thought we'd have to meet
what the tragic future would be.

You were popular around the school grounds,
that's what we all could see;
a death came from a mistake
"Why did it happen to me?"

You always celebrated laughter, a smile
not a frown;
you cheered me up so very quickly
even if I wasn't down.

I gave you, what I was gonna get
way back then
but it didn't make it, we only
became good friends.

You're in my heart always,
because of the tragedy I'm not glad.
We were gonna have something special,
a love we never had.

Monique Perin 8MG



DOMESTIC BLISS

I came home and saw
Furniture scattered over the floor
I didn't know what to do
So I decided to go upstairs to the loo.

Upstairs, you should have seen it
It was a mess, I really mean it
There was a noise at the end of the hall
It sounded like they were having a ball.

It was my brother and my mother
But I was too late
Cause they had already killed each other.
P.S. They never really got on.

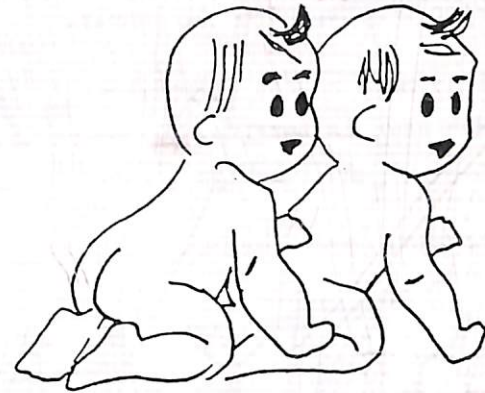
Amanda H. 7BY

My brother bashes me up
My sister is alright
My mother does nothing much
My father gets me into trouble
My aunty - she 's nice
I like my family because,
They help me alot.

Samantha Furey 7BG

FAMILY

FAMILY



There was a family who
were very noisy
Every time they celebrated
Christmas they would fight
The parents had the same day
their anniversary and would
fight over their presents
The kids were always
at their friends' birthday
parties.

FAMILY

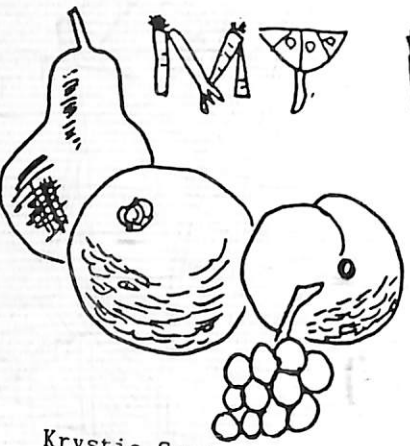
Sengul 7BG

FOOD IS

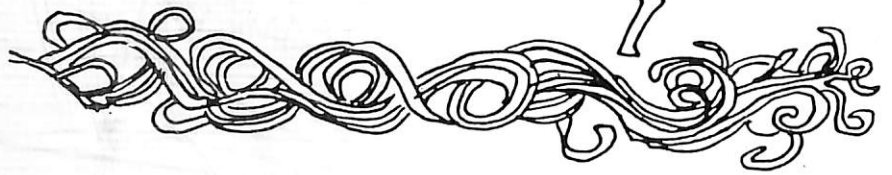
Food is my friend
I have heaps of friends
They love me.
They wait in the cupboard for me.
Food screams my name
When I'm depressed or lonely.
I do have a best friend.
Her name is Lasagna.
Lasagna and I get on great.
Lasagna loves me.



MY FRIENDS



Krystie Sanderson 10 CH



FLYING ANGEL

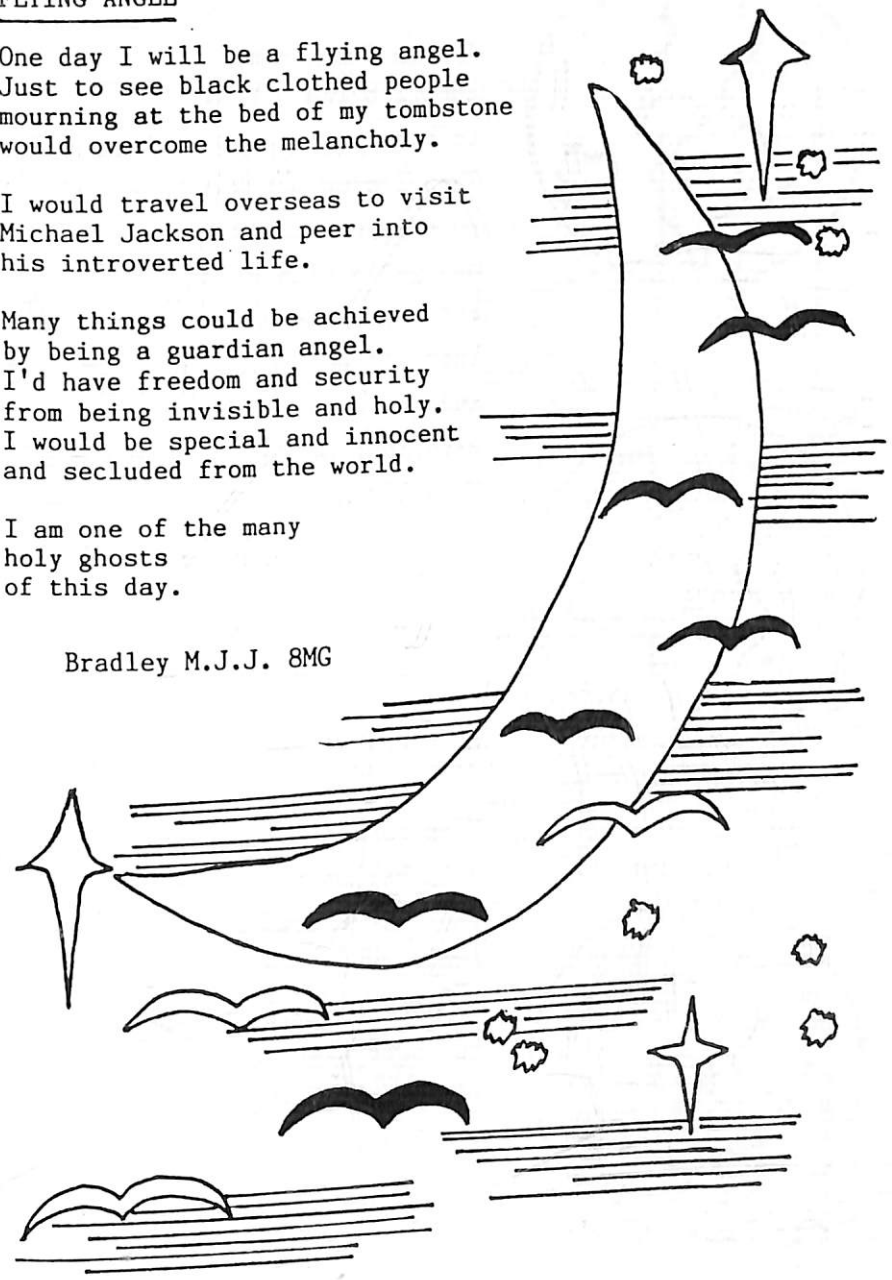
One day I will be a flying angel.
Just to see black clothed people
mourning at the bed of my tombstone
would overcome the melancholy.

I would travel overseas to visit
Michael Jackson and peer into
his introverted life.

Many things could be achieved
by being a guardian angel.
I'd have freedom and security
from being invisible and holy.
I would be special and innocent
and secluded from the world.

I am one of the many
holy ghosts
of this day.

Bradley M.J.J. 8MG





BUY THE WORLD

I wish I had a million Bucks
then I'd rob a bank
to turn it into 20 billion Bucks
Then I'd go out and have a shout
so everyone could have a beer
and get a nice girl
and buy her a pearl.
Then I'd go and buy a Genie
and get myself a beanie
with lots of gold and jewels on it.
Then I'd BUY THE WORLD.

David Pierce 7 BY



MY PARENTS' PARTIES

My parents' parties are a drag
all they do is have a fag
They sit around and talk for ages
Don't even think about their wages
My parents were very proud
us snotty kids didn't come around
to spoil all the fun they had
because they'd go bloody mad.

Tilda Efeian 8MG



--- STRIKES ---

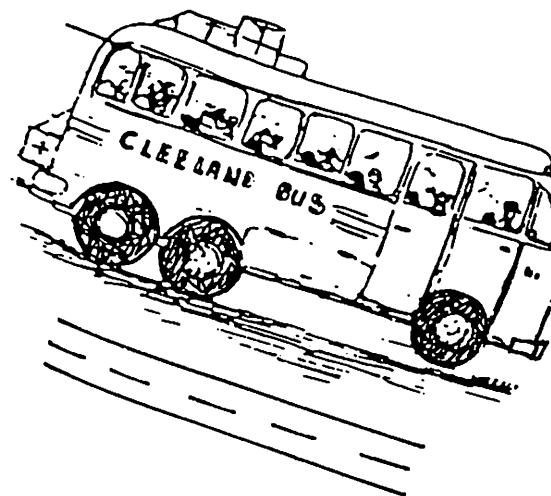
Trains parked at station looking
Very neat, cleaners have to clean all
Graffiti seats.
Soaps suds scrubbing on the
floor getting rid of apple cores.

We can't see the city square
Because of bubble gum on
the chairs. Bob Hawke squabbling
On about something
He hasn't seen. Peacock
Gets all grumpy because
He can't
Visit the local zoo.

All because of this
train strike parliament seems
Very weak.

Elisabeth

--- BUS ---



Stop
Noisy kids
grumpy busdriver
Road
Wet weather
School/home
Windscreen wipers
Hot/stuffy
Crammed
Seats
Umbrellas
Bags

Charmaine Parsell 10 CH

IF I WERE A GIRL

Now if I had been born a girl
(And I'm Jolly glad I'm not)
I'd be so sweet and gentle
They'd say, "Such charm that girl has got."

I'd do all mummy's messages
So that the boys could play,
Then help them with their homework
Especially on spelling day.

I'd never be a Tell-tale Tit
Nor get boys into bother
By finding out who did the things
And then go telling mother.
(That's what I'd do if I were a girl)

Adapted by Rodney Crompton



DOWN UNDER

What will happen
When I die
Will I sink
Or will I fly

Is there life
After death
Not for me
But for a cat
Yes cats lives go to 9
I pray to God I wish
They were mine

Here I am 6 foot under
Lying in peace
I sit and wonder
Of the accident
Where they said
I didn't survive
Coz little do they
Know I'm still
ALIVE

Chris Hare & Rachel Naylor Yr10



WONDER



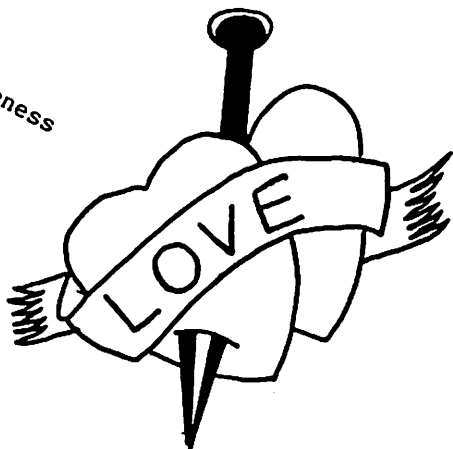


The first butterfly of
 A brand new feeling
 Has lifted its wings to the sky
 Casting aside dark shadows,
 Making a past heartbreak
 A bitter sweet memory.

The sound of a distant
 Telephone ring
 Quickens heartbeats ...
 Hello?

The first touch
 The first kiss
 A seventh heaven awareness
 And you
 Maybe forever.

Anon Year 12



I have cried for you
 I have lied for you
 I have done things
 Nobody else would do

You were my world
 You were my joy
 You were my everything
 You were a special toy

But what, what happens now
 You, with someone new
 Me, with nothing to hold on to
 Just memories, but why?

Why? Why did you leave?
 Why didn't you stay?
 Why didn't you break the law?
 That's how much you love me hey?

Were you just using me?
 When all along you knew
 You knew of your marriage
 To someone you didn't love.

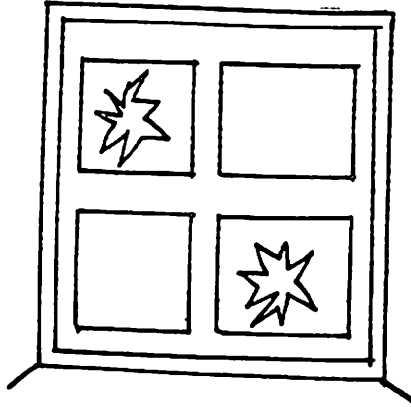
How could you lie?
 How could you leave?
 And if you come back
 DON'T COME BACK TO ME.

Cheryl Fernandez 11JE



ANYTHING

On my way home
I passed a manhole
With its light on
But no man.



A broken shop window
The Elizabeth Anne thrift shop
With ten dresses
Looking empty.

A piece of cellophane scraped past me
But never said hello
Though I knew it wanted to.

I turned the corner
Where three houses' lights were on.

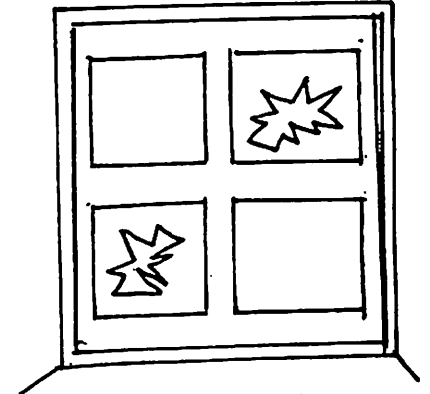
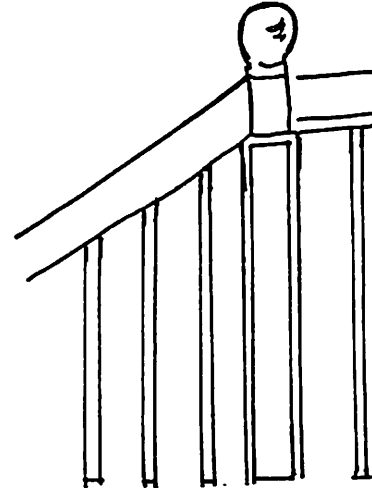
I passed seventeen weeds
Growing up through the footpath,
They couldn't manage much of a conversation
But they said they'll be there tomorrow
If I am.

By the time I reached the red council light
I'd passed two more houses shining
But they weren't speaking.

I heard one dog bark
Before I got to the steps
And passed the last tree
And I was home
And saw
Another person there.



Anon.



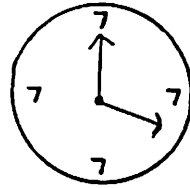
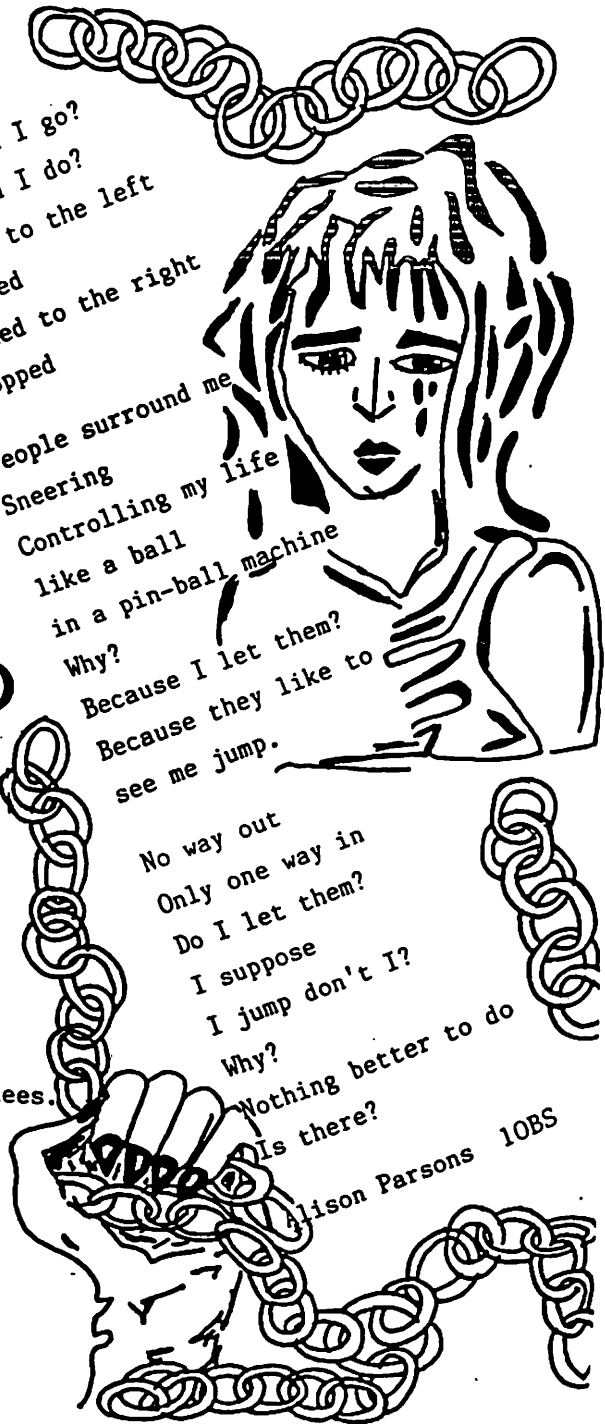
T R A P P E D

Closed in
can't move
Where can I go?
What can I do?
Turned to the left
Stopped
Turned to the right
Stopped

People surround me
Smearing
Controlling my life
like a ball
in a pin-ball machine
Why?
Because I let them?
Because they like to
see me jump.

No way out
Only one way in
Do I let them?
I suppose
I jump don't I?
Why?
Nothing better to do
Is there?

Alison Wilde 9BG

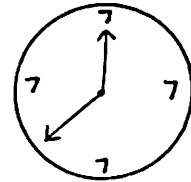
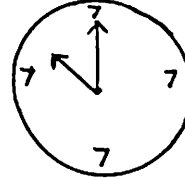


SEVEN

Seven deadly sins,
Seven days to win
Seven lonely paths to home
And your trip begins.

Seven downward slopes,
Seven bloody hopes,
Seven are your burning fires
Seven are his desires.

Kieron Kelly 10MD

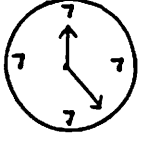
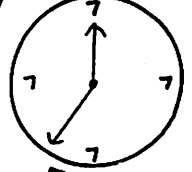


RAW CIMOTA

You start a fight with a friend
Which starts a war that never ends.
One word,
One mistake!!
Silence
Is the cure,
WAR isn't!!

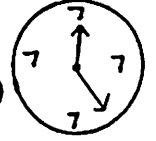


Shen Rustemi 10MD

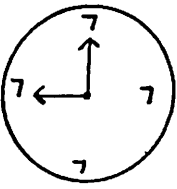


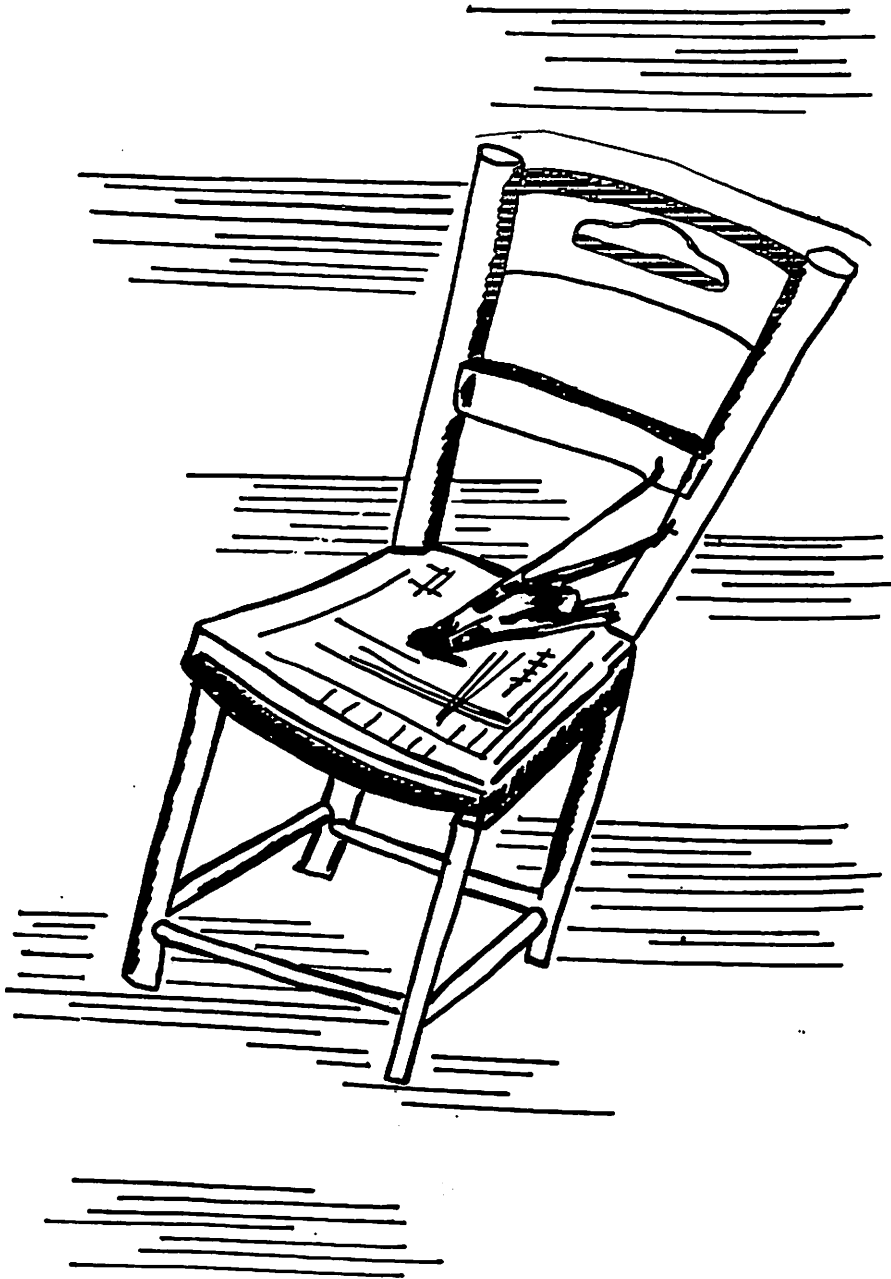
HAND

Alive and well
Why?
Because I said so
Slap! Down to the ground
Why? Because I felt like it
Reach for a stretch
Why?
Because I needed to
Caress
Why?
It's about time.



Irene Wahid 10CH





THE CHAIR IN THE CORNER

I sit in the corner
I sit in the corner
Just sitting there in the corner
Doing nothing in the corner
It is boring in the corner
I am only a chair in the corner
I hate being in the corner
I hate animals sitting on me in the corner
Like the dog and cat
Who put fur all over me in the corner
And the mouse and the rat
The hen and the rooster
And the duck which quacks
Makes me stink in the corner

I also get high in the corner
When the mother puts polish on me in the corner
And everybody likes to sit on me in the corner
Like the mother and father
Sister and brother
Relatives and friends
Who like to make me crack in the corner

My death will come soon in the corner
As I am already falling apart in the corner
Which means I will end up down the tip
No longer living in the corner

THE DREAMER

(a conversation poem)

- What are you thinking about?
- Nothing Miss.
- You must be thinking about something.
- Nothing worth talking about.
- Let me decide that.
- I was just day-dreaming.
- About what?
- You wouldn't understand.
- You'd be surprised.
- What do you mean?
- I mean, you're not the only one who day-dreams.

CRAZY??



- You mean that you day-dream too?
- I thought I was the only one who was crazy.
- And what's so strange about that?
- It's just that I thought...
- What?
- I thought I was the only one who was crazy.
- Just because you day-dream doesn't mean you're crazy.
- That's what you think!
- That's what I know.
- Why are you so interested?
- Because.
- Because why?
- Because I want to know I'm not the only one...
- The only one what?
- The only one who's NOT crazy!

Shaun (The Dreamer) Clarke 8HO

AVERAGE

Why am I so average?
I'm not the best
I'm not the worst,
I just sit in-between.

I do Okay in school work
And Okay in the gym
They can always beat me
Yet I can always win.

My test results are average
My assignments are the same
I wish that I could be a kid
With something to my name.

It simply has no meaning
When you try to say
'Most people are just like me
Special in some way.'

But no, they're not just like me
I'm special in no way
I've looked so hard and now,
I feel it doesn't pay.

Wait! That's it, I've done it,
I've really found my way;
My feelings make me special,
My feelings do not sway.



Shaun (The Dreamer) Clarke 8 HO

Ever since Sam was small,
He's felt that his parents never cared at all.
Now in his teenage years
and his life is filled with fears
With no trust in anyone; that gift
left him when he was young.
He's still at home as he has nowhere
to run.

None want to listen,
He's all alone,
None to talk to
Who would understand.
Every night he writes in a diary,
but this only relieves tension
and still he's without a solution.

It's driving him crazy,
He's beginning to hate,
Why is he being punished?
Is it too late?

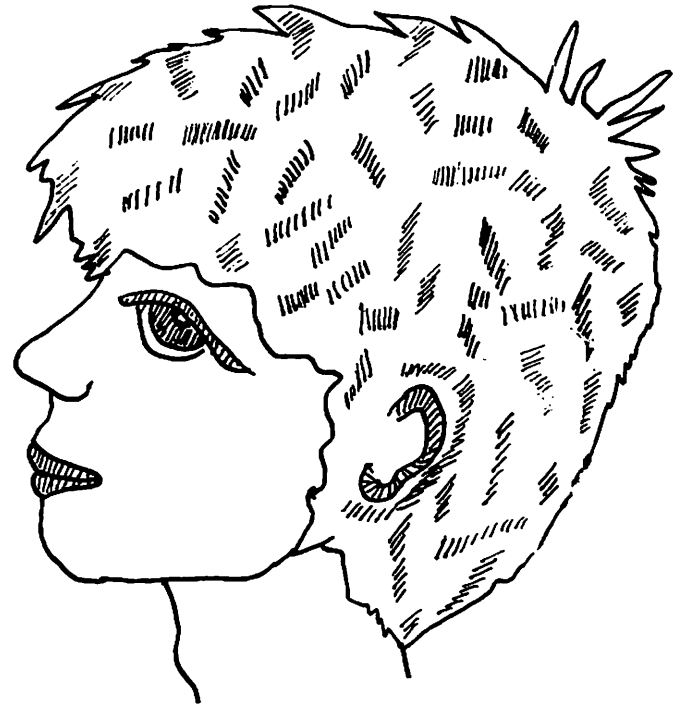
What's the world coming to?
Times have changed,
Parents also need to,
They won't let go of values
Which went out with the past.
I wish they'd get off their high horse
and care for their kids at last.

Their problem is ignorance,
they still believe they are right
And in their days that would end the fight.
Not any more. Kids are humans too
So why are we treated as second class
Just coz we're kids,
They think they're better than us.

Sam's parents don't care,
So why should he.

Joanne Flynn 10MD

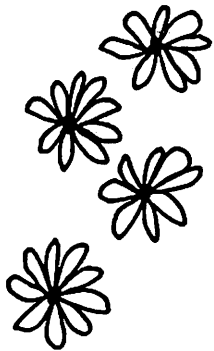
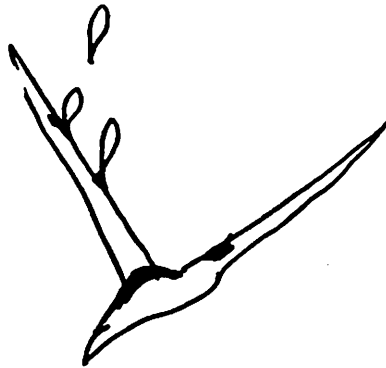
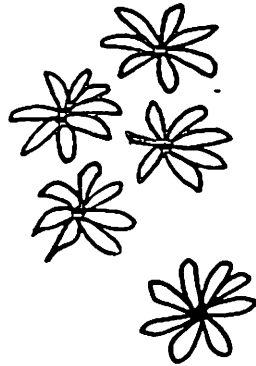
ALONE



HIDING BIRDS

In the park -
puddles & umbrellas;
children jumping -
flowers drooping.
Wet grass!
Soaked clothes!
Socks run down shoes.
Water swings from trees
splashing hiding birds.

Group Poem Year 10 HL



PAPER

I wish I was a piece of paper
so I could be screwed up.
People could blow their noses on me
and go for a swim.

Craig Van Loon
&
Daniel Weatherston

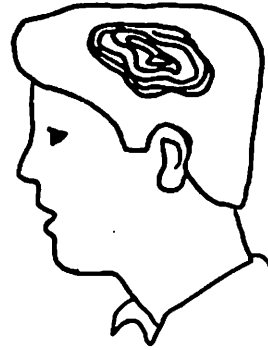
BRAIN

My brain is black
so my hair is black -
pure black!

My brain is at school,
does all my thinking for me;
helps me with
all my school stuff.

My brain is oily
like a sausage -
A baby wants to eat it!

Year 10 OY (group poem)



"BEP"

I looked inside and saw 'bep' everywhere.
I picked it up - it felt like 'bep'.
I took a sample or two of the big 'bep'.
I put it in my mouth yum yum 'bep';
it was cool and looked like 'bep'.
I went to put it in my 'bep'.
It just fitted in me 'bep'.
It felt good.
'bep'



'BEP'

Regan 7BY

POETRY SUX

Poetry is boring, slow & dull

Poetry sux

It's a great big hole

It doesn't make sense

It doesn't have to rhyme

Poetry can be funny

It has rubber lips

Poets are stupid

Poets are weird

Coz they can't find anything better

To do with their time

Poetry's complicated

Poets wear weird clothes & spastic caps

They can't afford haircuts,

They wear their glasses upside down

They can't afford proper shoes

but it doesn't matter how they look

because they're not in a fashion parade

They're here to write

Group Poem by Year 7

BEST FRIENDS?

Once upon a time

A best friend of mine

Made me feel like I wasn't there

Made me feel like she didn't care.

Alone is how I felt

Each time we were together

And to think

I once thought this friendship

Would last forever.

Once together we laughed.

Now alone I cry.

Why?

Why did our friendship die?

Kim Mussche 10BS

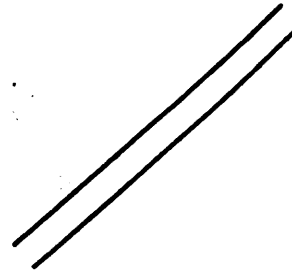
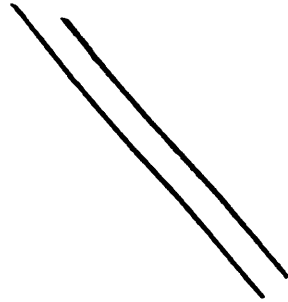
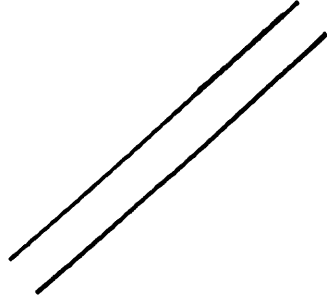
BEING POOR ISN'T SO BAD

Being poor isn't so bad
In fact, I rather like it.
Those rich yuppie people
are really only plastic;
Nine inches of make-up
& a jewellery store
hanging from their bodies.

Me, I've got life easy,
Not a worry in the world;
I don't have to keep
up with the Joneses
or go through the torture
of deciding what to wear
because my wardrobe has only one outfit.

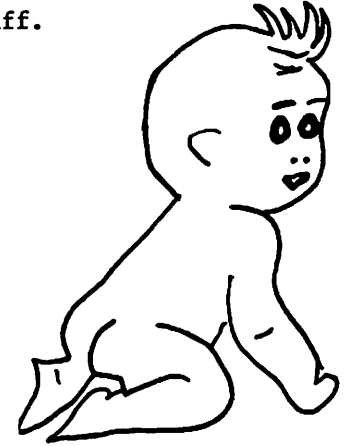
I am not told to go
& clean my pony's stable
But what I'm most grateful for
is that I don't have to
wash my dad's Mercedes.
Being poor isn't so bad
In fact, I rather like it.

Samantha Coelho 11

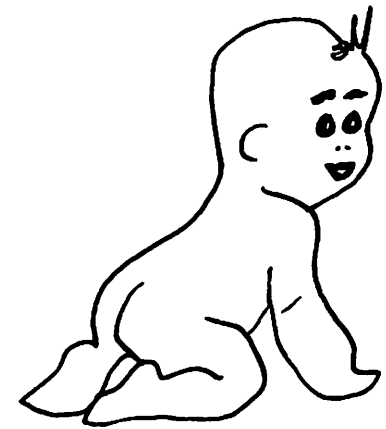
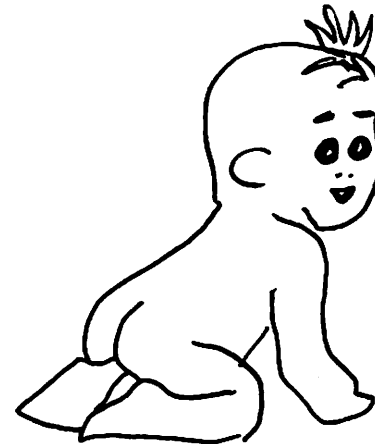


BIG GIRL!

Mummy, Mummy, I wanna have a baff.
Wait a minute.
Nowwwwwww.
Take your clothes off, I'll
be down in a sec.
Mummy, Mummy Nowww!
Here I come, rub your tummy,
behind your ears
Rub-adub-dub, rub rub rub
Scrub, scrub scrub
Now that you're finished,
hop. Don't slip near the heater
But I can't Mummy. Carry me.
You can do it, you're a big girl. See?
Yeh. I can do it all by myself. I'm big!



Medine Selimi Yr 7



ROCK CONCERT

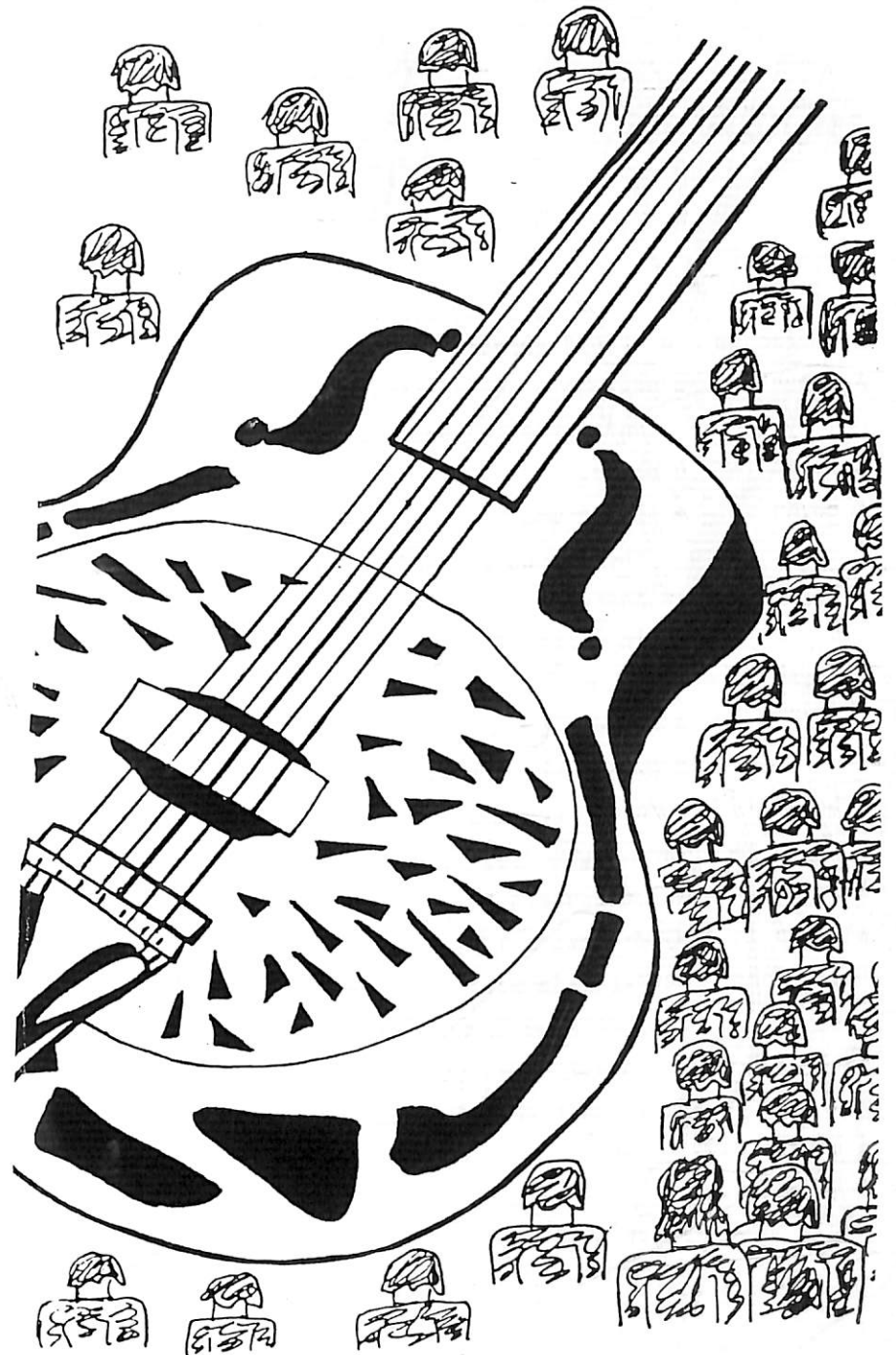
When I went to a rock concert
the screams were loud
People packed in
and formed a huge crowd.

When the group stopped playing
all I heard were drums
When the lights went off
I hung on to my mum.

When the group came on
the singer went "Na nana na na na
na na na na naaaaaaaaaaaaa
nee!
He screamed until his face
turned blue.

On the way home
we heard a dog barking
We all agreed it reminded
us of the rock concert.

Mark Kong Year 10



BOGANS



- A bogan is - a stupid person.
- A bogan is - a dag who's out of this world
and loves to headbang.
- A bogan is - a pansy.
- A bogan is - a person who wears moccasins,
checked shirts and jeans.
- A bogan is - an instrumental player who loves to stand
in front of 10,000 people.
- A bogan is - a teacher
a singer
a person who definately loves Heavy Metal Music.
- A bogan is - a moron, a dag and every other thing that's bad.
- A bogan is - into tight clothes and head-banging.
- A bogan - wears daggy clothes.
- A bogan is - my ex-girl friend.
- Bogans are - squareheads but they're pretty cool.
They're good trend setters.
- What is a bogan? A blind man crossing the street.
- What's a bogan, I don't know - maybe a nerd.
- A bogan is...
- A bogan is...
I don't know...

EVERYONE DOES ME

Everyone does me
Everyone hates me
No-one smells me
Everyone deposits me
I travel through awkward pipes
into the ocean, which I pollute
I smell very bad
My colour is dull
Germs love me
But people don't.

Baris Year 9



BOYFRIEND

Do you remember your first boyfriend
You were all shy and scared
And when he asked you for a kiss
Your hair would stand high upon your head
Do you remember how he cuddled you
And you felt all safe inside
And then he asked you on a date
And you nearly cried

OH all those beautiful memories
Have disappeared for a while

But in your heart you'll always remember
The good times you shared together!

Michelle Petkovic



GIRLS

People don't hit us because we're girls.

We have a large variety of fashion.

We can have children.

Men go bald, women don't.

We live longer.

We mature quicker than guys.

We know more about the latest trends.

Boys never grow up.

If it weren't for girls, boys would be smelly

Men commit more crimes than women.

We have better manners.

Men insist on paying for everything.

Boys can't resist us.

Helene 8 BS



ADVANTAGES OF BEING A GIRL

Girls can wear a variety of clothes

Girls can communicate better.

Girls always make the first move

Girls are leaders in fashion

Girls are more mature than guys

Girls have more sex appeal

Boys are not responsible enough

Girls don't have to ask a guy out for a date

Guys are immature

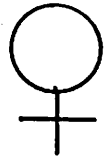
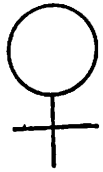
Girls can always make themselves older

Girls are better looking than guys

Girls have stronger hearts

Girls are more protective.

Katrina B. 8 BS



BOYS

The advantages of being a boy are:

You don't get periods,

You don't go through labour,

And you're stronger than girls.

Sexism means:

Boys think they're better than girls.

Astrit 8 BS



Timothy Smith 8 BS

SEXISM

Sexism is saying boys are better at:

Sport

Stronger than girls

Never wrong

Do not do the housework

Do not cook meals

Do not go shopping.

That is what sexism is:

I LIKE BEING A GIRL

I like being a girl
Because we can do more with our hair.
We can put make-up on.
Girls are neater than boys.
Girls are sophisticated
while boys are jerks.
Girls are smarter,
Boys are ruder.
Some girls are chicken,
Some girls aren't.
Boys just think you're their kissing bag.
We get the trouble of having their babies.
Girls are a million times better than boys.

Loretta Lourens 7 BY

BEING A BOY

We don't have to wear make-up
We don't have to wear bras
We don't have to sit down on the toilet.

Fortunato 8 BS

A BOY IS BETTER

A boy is better and faster.
Boys are better than girls at everything.
Most boys gave better taste than girls.
Boys don't have to do the housework or cook.
I wouldn't like to be a girl.

Sopheak Cin 8 BS



NOTHING IS SAFE

Dead fish
Tied to a tree
Dead monkey
Tied to a tree
Dead horses, two I think
Tied to a tree

Dead homosexuals
Tied to a tree
Dead - spreading AIDS
Poor tree
Dead tree!

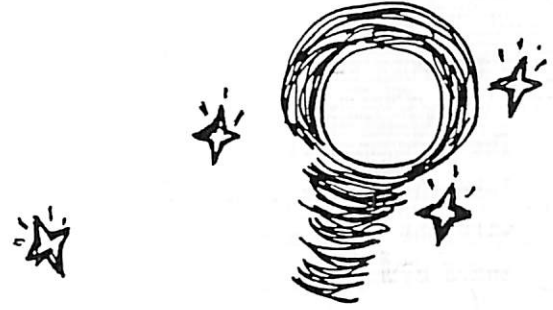
Grant Peters Yr 11



THIS POOR

Nothing's expected.
No place to go.
Free to roam.
Free to speak.
Released from the trap.
Sleep as much as you want.
No deadlines.
No hassles.
No anything.

Nick Ladbroke Yr11



HELL WAITS

The endless nights of lack of sleep
I sit and think of school and my dates
I can't resist but I'm in too deep
I dream of love knowing that hell waits

My love and respect grow every day
I honestly believe I've got what it takes
In every aspect and every way
But destiny's answer is that hell waits

The pressure of school and love is immense
My teachers scold me because of careless mistakes
But I keep plugging away and hold solid defence
And I'm always reminded that hell waits

Aleks Ilic Yr 11

THE PORN SHOP

The blow up dolls sit gaping
like the clowns at the carnival show
with the books and the mags
and a dying sick fag
remembering lovers long lost.

The fur, the fluff, the powder puffs,
Ugly woman forgot the costs.
The whips and chains carefully chosen
by the sicko in women's black clothing.

The pervert sits at the counter
displaying silk frocks to his babes,
how sad that they little know
it's their minds he wishes to blow.

Claudia Cortizo Yr 12

TRICK

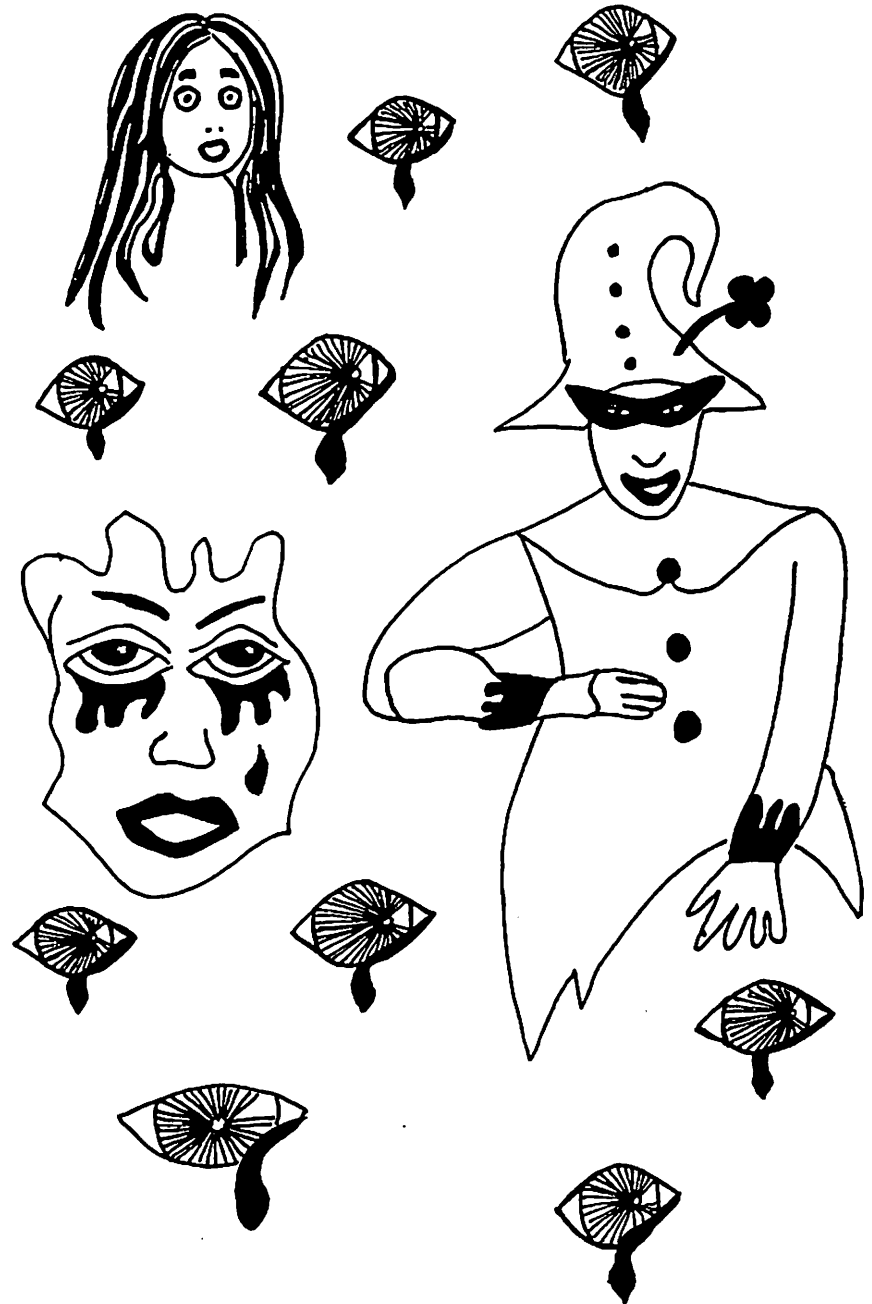
Fridge
Ice
Pants
Shock
Scream!

Amy Wahid Yr11

TEAR

A heart within a person
A tear within an eye
When the tear begins to drop
The heart begins to die.

Nadia Marrama Yr 11



I WONDER

I wonder

what people do every day

go to work

come home

get the wages

spend it

They sleep

they eat

They act

they drink

They repeat

what they did yesterday

They never care

what will happen to them tomorrow

If they die in an accident

they would be unlucky

If they became millionaires

they would be lucky

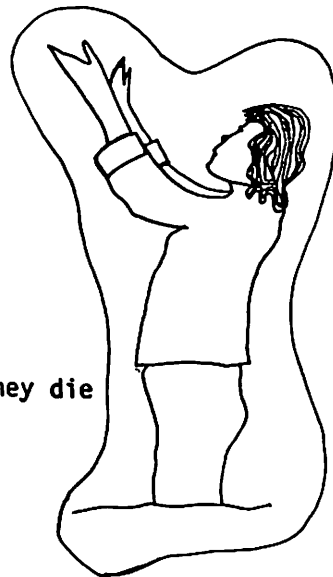
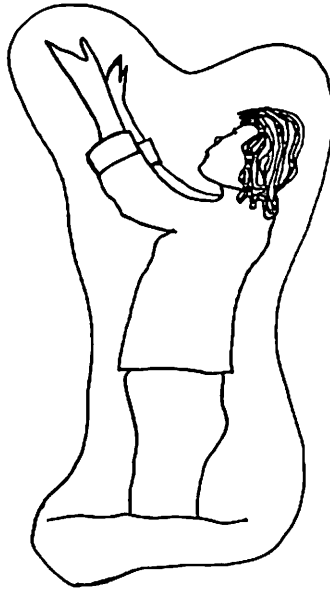
They never know

where their souls will go when they die

Is it the way we are meant to live

I wonder

Louise C 11 LI

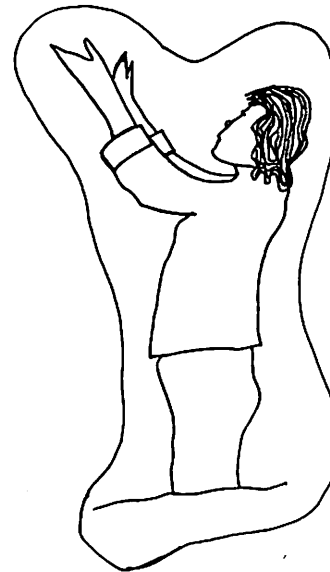


I WONDER IF I'LL EVER CHANGE

All day and all night I sit here
with only my brothers as friends.
We are separated by a huge slug
which keeps pushing food around me
sometimes soft sticky stuff
and sometimes hard crunchy bits.

I love the evenings
I get cleaned
by my new friend McTooth brush
and after that I have a rest
but in the morning I'm working again.
Me and my brothers squash food
between our heads.
Every day has been the same.
I wonder if I'll ever change.

Marcus Achatz Yr 9



MY DOG

Here's my dog
He's brown and furry
Eats his breaky
Time for walk
Get out collar
Go cross road
Oh NO! collar breaks
Dog turns around
Takes off
No time to catch him
 !!splat!!
My poor little dog's gone
I'm so lonely
One child family

Nine months later
I've got a new sister
Get the collar
Eat breaky
Time for walk
OH NO! yells mum
It's my baby
NOT your dog!

Justine Nicholls Yr 8

NOW I ASK YOU

I loved you
and you loved me
Then you smiled
almost apologetically
Not with your mouth
With your eyes
and I knew

It's funny
I spent all my time
worrying that you wanted her
when all the time
I was too foolish to see
you wanted him
So now I ask you
 Why?

Justine McAuley Yr 9

1999!

Crying...
like a baby wanting the bottle.
Swaying...
to the tender beat of the tune.
Jumping...
filled with happiness and anxiety.
Running...
like the world is leaving you.

Time travels, faster, faster, faster and then...

The baby no longer cries for the bottle
The tender beat has transformed into explosions
All around happiness has turned into fear...
The world is falling apart!

Dianna Amidzic Yr11

WAITING

As I was sitting on the golden sand
I picked up a shell in my hand
I threw it into the sea,
and what a sight to see!

The sparkling water,
the sunset behind the horizon
and the little calm waves.

I was waiting,
waiting for someone I haven't seen for years,
who made me cry out my tears.
How long will I be waiting here?
Will he return?
Only memories of him remain.

Diana Mroue 11LI

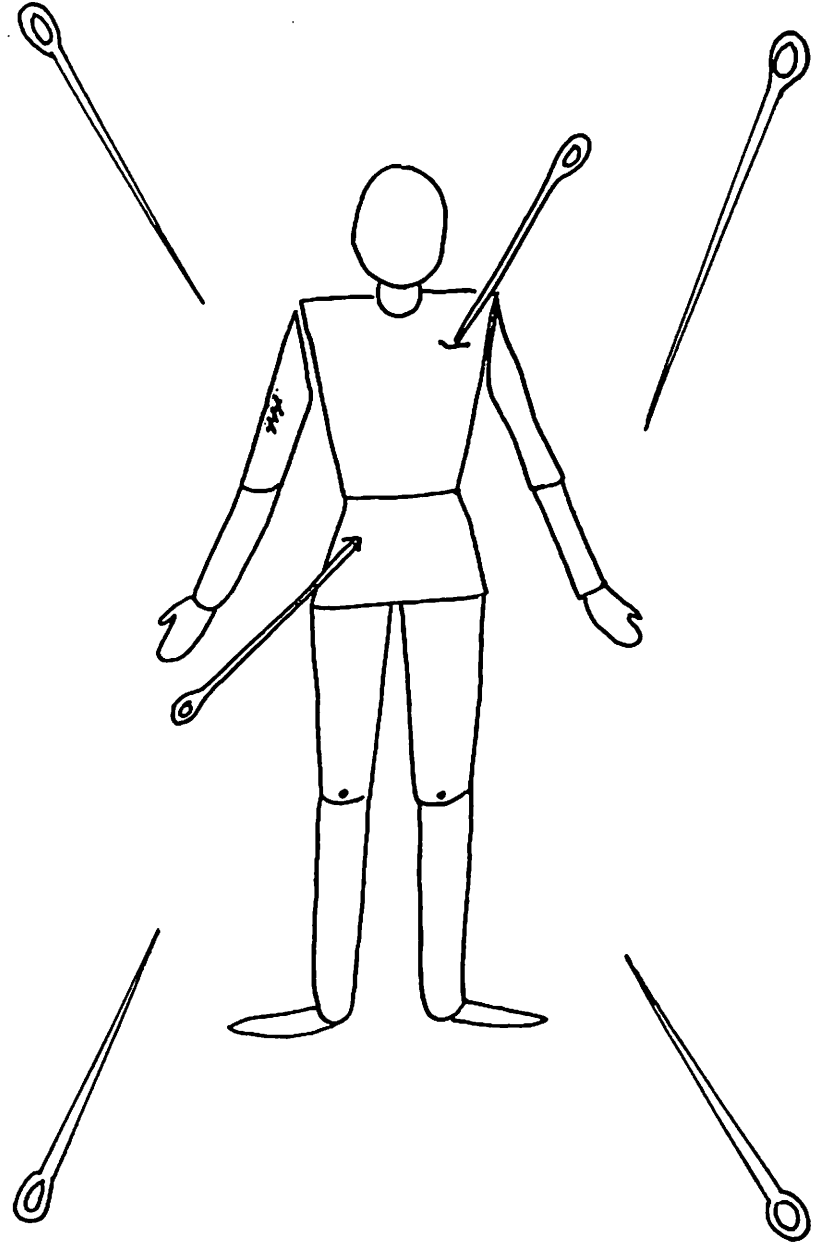
IN DEFENCE OF A NAKED VICTIM

I'm not your rag doll
To tear limb from limb;
I'm not a cushion to bear your pins:
I'm different from you
But I still feel the pain
Every time you put me down
Or ridicule my name.

Do you fear me
Or what you think I stand for?
Do you want to punish my lovers?
Do you want to find a cure?
I'm not some kind of disease.
Why can't you accept me
For who I want to be?

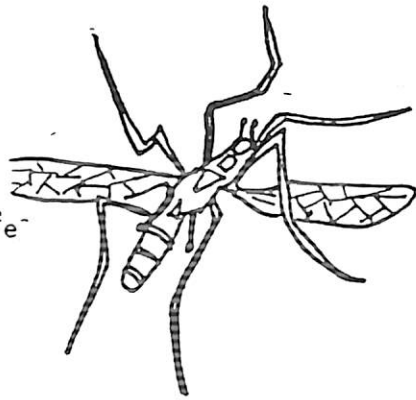
The shame of your hateful actions
Is that I remained defenceless and naked.
I was no threat to your wife or children
But still your hate persisted.
The truth to me was that
Your hate was a facade
Covering what you feared you might be.
You couldn't bear to be
Torn down by the fact
That inside you rested
A demon like me.

James Dolman Yr 12

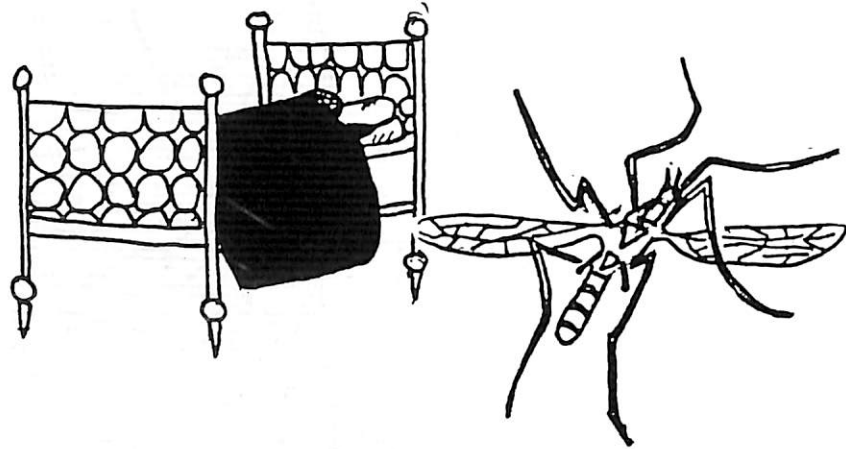


MOSQUITO

Mozzie eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee



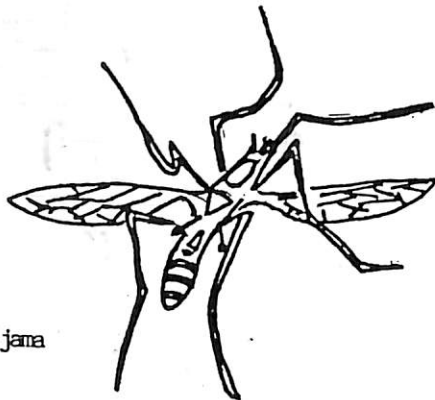
Serena Peters Yr 9



SLEEP

The trees go swish
The cars go beep
I sit in class
And go to sleep.
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

Anna Mari Siljama



HARD DAY!!!

We both know the last few days
have been a little rough
& I suppose it's true to say
we've both had quite enough
but though they seem enormous
if our love is strong & true
no matter what the problem is
I'll know we'll see it through.

Alan 10 HL



MEMORIES OF YOU

Just like a precious rose,
your petals fall too soon.
But the memories you planted
in my heart will never cease to bloom.

I would give the world if I could say
I'm going to see my grandma today.
Wherever I go, whatever I do
There's always something to remind me of you.

Emma Couper Yr 10



PHARLAP

"A nag from New Zealand,
No good, people say.
He'd never win a race
Never, any day."

But Tommy knew different,
He played on a hunch.
He could see this horse
Packing a punch.

He went into training
Through day and through night.
He'd make a champion
Come wrong or come right.

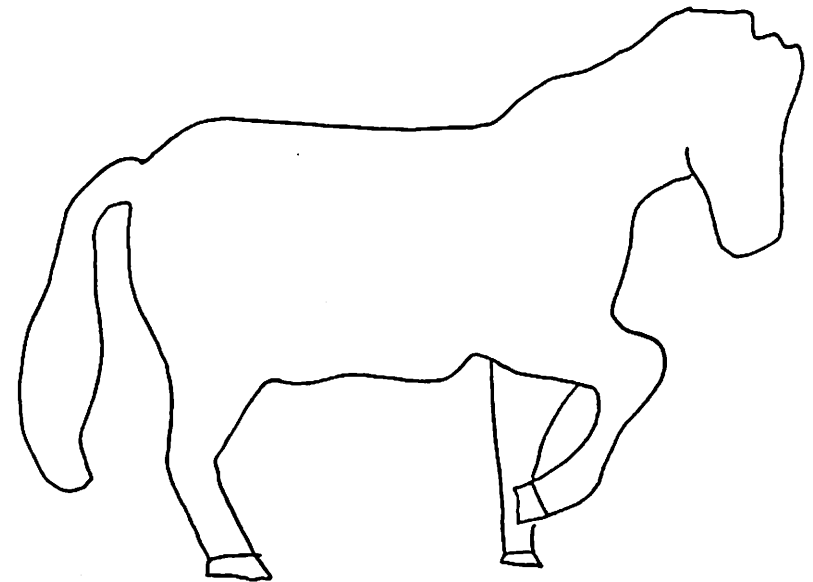
The days and the nights
Went faster than lightning.
The Great Race was nearing,
The excitement was frightening.

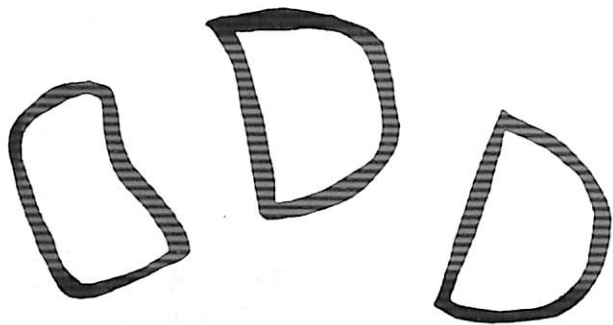
"C'mon boy, I know you can do it.
Show up these nags,
There's nothin' to it!"

The white wine approaches
The crowd is a-cheering,
Pharlap was hurt
But he still kept on steerin'.

On he went
Ahead of the others
To win that great race
Without any troubles.

Tamara Parker Yr 8





Here I sit in the drawer
No partner
He was lost in the wash
I wanted to find him
The others talk about me
They think I'm odd



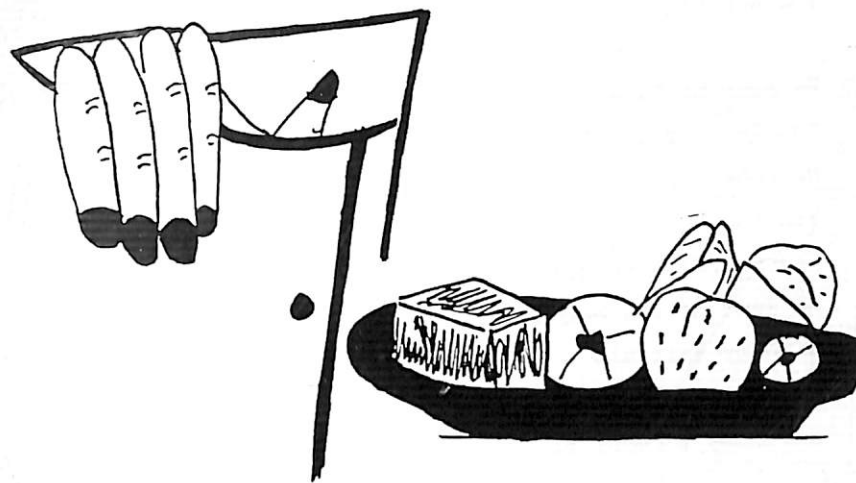
The drawer opens
Someone really ugly looks in
Pulls me out with a shout
Chucks me on the bed
Where I see Fred



We're pulled onto his feet
Stinky feet
Then into his smelly gym shoes
But I didn't mind
I'm back with Fred



Tanya Carroll 8WK



I'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS

Here I sit in a dull, gloomy kitchen
Minding my own business.
Kids run in, peering through my body
And stealing my belongings.
The swing of my door makes me nervous
Especially when it vibrates and tickles my spine.

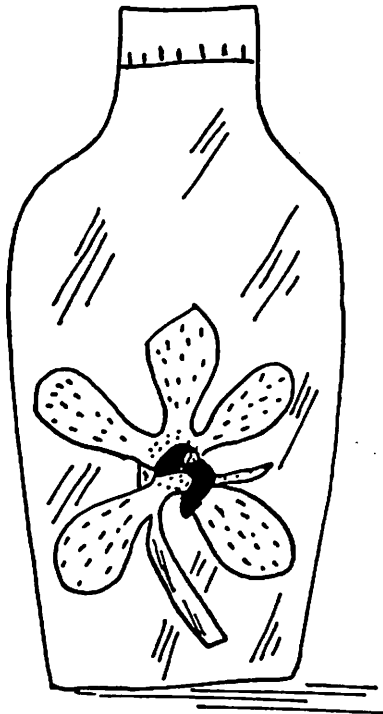
The food which they consume
Could turn me off electric volts for a week.
Sometimes I explode with all the weight
Of the junk food those humans squeeze into me.
My head gets the flu when they don't defrost me
Each month.
I'll just have to put up with this
Jenny Craig drop-out life.

Bradley Calamel Yr 8

YOU AND ME

He sent me flowers in a glass shell,
You gave me daisies from next door's garden,
He took me to a 5 star restaurant
You bought me fish and chips in old newspaper,
And asked me to darn your socks.
He sent me leather-bound love stories
With my initials embossed in gold,
You wrote 'I love you' on a dusty old car.
How come I chose you to be my lover?

Melissa Jones Yr 11



WHAT DO YOU WANNA DO?

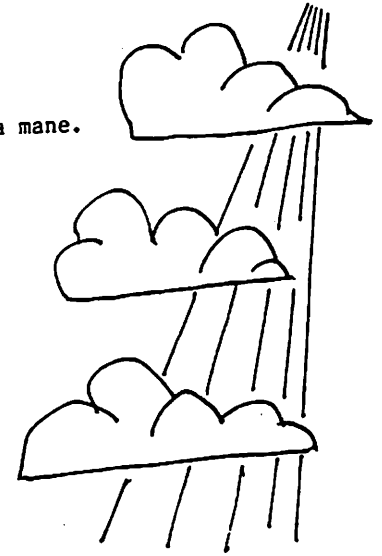
What do you wanna do?
What can we do?
Almost anything.
Go see a movie?
No money.
Go for a jog?
Too exhausting.
Play a game?
Which one?
I dunno, you pick one.
None worth playing.
So what do you want ta do?
Let's make a poem.
We've just done that!

Shaun & Christian Yr 8

I WILL

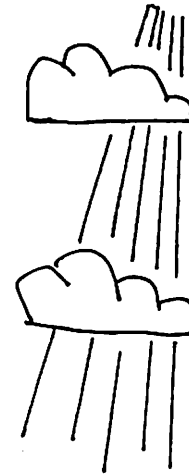
One day I will rule the world.
My wife will have hair that curled.
My daughter will have a horse with a mane.
My son will have an aeroplane.
Our house will be 10 hectares long
And running through the river Wong.
Our dog will be a Great Dane.
My mum will be a real pain.
My dad will have a beard of gold
And will set it so it will hold.

Javier Myszka Yr 8



THE SKY

The sky is blue, blue as the sea
bobbing up and down. Then it turns
grey, grey as a dolphin swimming in the sea.
After that it goes black, black as the
insides of a deep dark cave.
The sky explodes in a flash
of light as a bolt of lightning
streaks towards the earth.
Droplets of rain start to fall
slowly getting heavier as the sound
of thunder rolls across the
darkened sky.



Mandy Weir Yr 8

I'm a green sad desk
here for the children
who pack me with books and pens
and use me for graffiti.

They never dust me,
they move me around
and hurt me.

The chairs mock me &
the flies settle on me.

It would have been better
if I was a bee
but it doesn't really matter

because I am also one, like the rest.

Ronelle Webb Yr 7

School is sometimes like jail

We go from room to room

With a bunch of noisy kids

All packed in with chairs and tables.

Only allowed a short time outside

With fences to keep us in

Restricted in a not very large yard

Getting detentions here and there

For doing the wrong things

I love going to school most of the time

Even if I have so many complaints.

Karen Springall 7BC

LIKE
THE
REST

SCHOOL

IS

LIKE

JR12

SMOKING

A: Have a puff

B: Get stuffed

A: Go on

B: I don't wanna

A: Chicken

B: Am not

A: Yes you are

B: Am not

A: Yes you are

B: Why don't you?

A: Why should I?

B: Because you asked me to

A: Did not

B: Did too

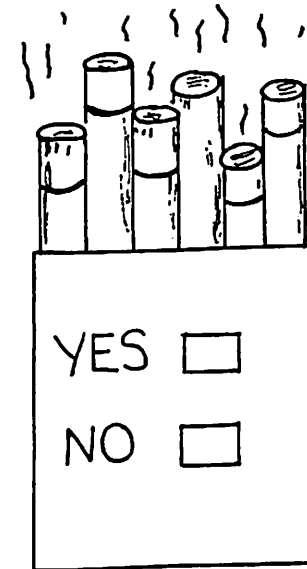
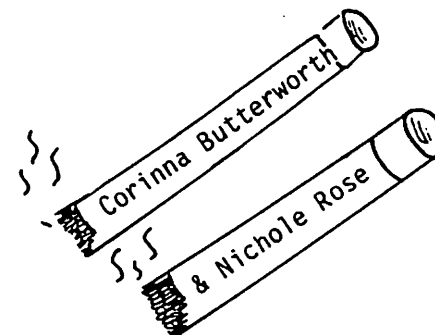
A: Did not

B: Liar!

A: Ho

B: Ho

A: Can't you take a joke



B: Oh sure

A: You can't take it

B: Can too

A: Can not

B: Can too

A: Can not

B: Bet you can't

A: Bet you can't either

B: Bet I can

A: I bet you can't

B: I'm going home!!!

A: Bet you're not

B: Am too

A: Are not

B: AM TOO!!!

A: Have a puff

B: Get stuffed

SHE'LL NEVER KNOW

The house was dark,
Not a peep.
It made me suspect
They're all asleep.

As I went through
The back door
All I could hear
Was a shallow snore.

I thought to myself
"Bad Idea"

My courage was quickly overcome by fear.

The snoring had stopped,
then came voices.

I had to hide,
No time for choices.

Mum came to check on me in bed,
My heart just stopped,
Now I'm dead.

If she leaves
My promise I give
I'll never be late
As long as I live.

All that night I lay and thought
Of what would happen if I was caught.

Chris Hare Yr 10



YOUNG GIRL LOUISE

Sitting alone with
The young girl Louise
Listening to music
and singing her

YOUNG GIRL LOUISE

Sitting alone with thoughts and dreams
The young girl Louise
Listening to music
and singing her simple song

I hate doing my homework
When my friends are going out
I hate the silent life
It makes me want to think and write
I hate when it's raining
Makes the day so boring
I hate movies with no ending
They make me feel nothing

Looking at herself in the mirror
changing her song and singing
of all she loves

I love to go to the church
to worship our God
I love to stay with the youth
They give me all the truth
Said the young girl Louise
I love the Autumn night
It makes my feelings light
I love the windy day
It blows everything away
Said the young girl Louise
But the strongest love
is my lover

Alice Duong 1111

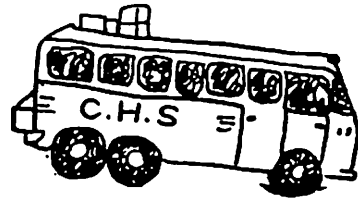


SCHOOL

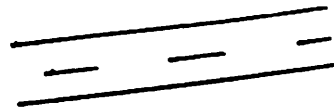
It's 8.30 and the bus
 was supposed to come at 8.00!
 It's raining, it's pouring
 the bus still hasn't come.
 The bus is late
 because of manic drivers on the road.



The school bus
 is just a big fuss -
 it's not worth waiting for,
 it's not worth paying me.
 We're late for school again.



Finally the bus arrives
 and when I get in
 there's no seat for me.
 It's crowded and stuffy,
 the driver's grumpy,
 it's dirty and noisy,
 the windows are steaming.



Pull the choke
 and off we go
 in a puff of smoke.
 Beep beep honk honk
 we're late for school again.

Bus

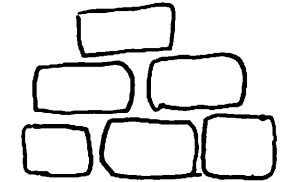
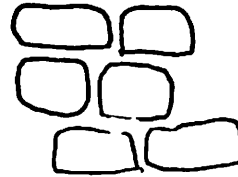
Group poem by Yr 9

DOWN

TOO LOW
 NO WAY
 YES IT WAS
 NO IT WASN'T
 YES IT WAS
 OK



YOU'RE OUT
 JUGGLES
 ASSASIN
 BYE BYE
 I WON
 NOT NEXT TIME
 YEH SURE
 TOO LOW
 NO WAY
 YES IT WAS
 NO IT WASN'T
 YES IT WAS
 OK



YOU'RE OUT
 JUGGLES
 ASSASIN
 BYE BYE
 YOU'RE OUT
 I WON
 NOT NEXT TIME
 YEH SURE

BALL

John Robinson Yr 7

10/ /0/ /0/ /0/
FRIENDS
/0/ /0/ /0/ /0/

My ideal friend is someone who knows me
better than anyone else;

A person who lets me know
that I'm never alone;

My ideal friend is someone I would fight for and believe
in as much, as I would for myself;

A friend to love and laugh with
and run after rainbows with...

Someone whose spirit is an uplifting present
and whose smile makes me happy
and means so much to me.

My ideal friend is someone I'm thankful for
with every grateful feeling inside of me;

My dear and precious friend,
the best friend there ever could be ...
is you.

10/ /0/ /0/ /0/
ENEMIES
/0/ /0/ /0/ /0/

It is easy to make enemies:

Go to Liverpool Stadium and
say over the loudspeaker
that Manchester United rule

Or go to school and hit someone
in the mouth

Or maybe as a last resort you could
drop a nuclear bomb on
New York.

But the easiest way to make
an enemy is to be yourself -
you're bound to find
someone with an opposing
personality.

GRANDAD

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
The old house along the road
standing still for years,
the place the family shared
our laughter and our tears.

As you walked in the kitchen you'd look across the table
and at the end of it would be grandad sitting
not saying a word, just smiling.
You'd walk over to him
"Hi Grandad" you would say
but in his eyes you could tell that really he was far far away.
All he could see were images.
He couldn't remember our names,
but he could always recognise us properly by a photo in a frame.

If you hugged him, the strength that he used to have wasn't
there any more.
He was a big giant, very frail and weak, but still content.

In 1987 he had a heart attack and was in hospital for two weeks.
He looked so uncomfortable in that hard bed,
I always wondered what was happening inside his sweet head.

He couldn't fight the disease and he passed away in his sleep.
The nurse let us in to say our last goodbyes.
No more could we see the happiness and pride that the much
loved gentle giant possessed in those kind eyes.

Goodbye Grandad.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Lisa Halls Yr 12

A CHILD WEEPS

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
This thunderous night I cannot sleep
knowing that somewhere a child weeps.
In this world full of hatred, misery and fear
the children cry softly, drained of all tears.

Muchacho El Salvadoreno in arms,
a charred landscape which once held the Amazonian charms;
the disappeared of Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile,
the pain, the poverty, the suffering of America Latina I've seen.

In the war-torn Middle East
the cry once more is longing for peace
yet the wounded and dead from another bomb
lie bloodied in the West Bank or the Lebanon.

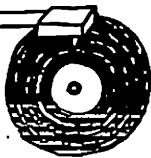
From those fighting for equality in South Africa,
to the starved wandering aimlessly in the deserts of Eretrea.
Our own shameful past and treatment of native man and woman
'The Men of Terror' right or wrong fighting to free Northern Ireland.

The evils of men that never cease
Shatter the slumber of the infants' peace.
It is we, the men from far-away wealthy lands
that force the Third World peoples to bloody their hands.

On this thunderous night I cannot sleep
knowing that somewhere millions of children weep.

Dale Treadwell Yr 12
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

. . . R A P P I N



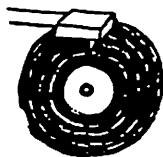
Rappin is used to express our minds,
using different words.
It is poetry in music.

Rappin is an occupation
that doesn't need qualifications.
There's Ice-T, Derek-B, M.C. Fade & Denis D;
rappin makes Tone Loc's living...



Rappin is for Niggers With Attitudes.
Rappin is a form of war
used between posses.

Rappin is here, rappin is fast,
rappin is here to kick some ...
Rappin is bad, rappin is cool -
it's all new stuff & it's here to rule.



We are D.R.C.
Dandę Rap Crew to the connection.
We sing the beat, we have the rythm;
we are Eternal Hip-hoppers from Heaven.



Let's squeeze all those fly girls and boys
and enjoy the raw def jam.

So, before we split, chill-out all you home boys
& remember -
don't get sprayed
& take no Mega-blast!!!



Group poem by Year 11

WHY DOES HE ALWAYS COME?

Why does he always come after me?
Wandering through the shadows in his dark outfit
Rolling down the road on his large, evil machine.
Looking.

He's a menace,
Spreading nothing but havoc;
Closing in with each footstep. Lock the doors, he's coming.
Looking.

He's armed with the dreaded piece of equipment,
Ready to whip it out at any, willing enough or silly enough
To open their fortresses,
To beat them to death, and then continue on.
Looking.

My number is up!
The footsteps echo up the driveway
Steadily moving closer, until the door is pounded.
It's too late, he's seen me, I'll have to open up, so I do.
Looking.

I don't think I can survive this time.
Goodbye cruel world.
"Good morning, I'm from the Church of Jesus Christ
And I am looking to ...

Rob Rengleben Yr 11

WEE McVAY AND MACHO DURKIN
(teachers back in Scotland)

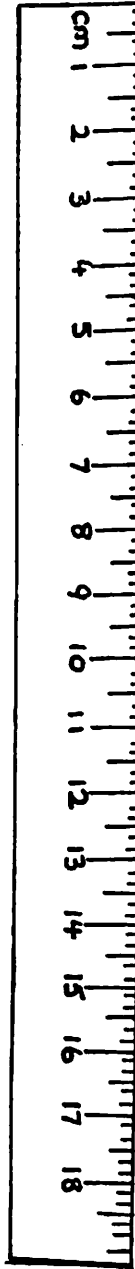
Everyday we go to school
not by choice but by rule
But the thing we dread most every day
Is the sight and sound of Wee McVay

She waddles slowly down the hall
Metal hips and three foot tall
She gives us homework by the ton
That's bloody hard for everyone

When we're in class and we're no workin
In comes macho Mrs Durkin
She is so big and tough you know
She could flatten Frank Bruno

Well that's it folks, this is our school
We're sick and tired of all its rules
But remember round the corner lurkin
Wee McVay and Macho Durkin

Cheryl Fielding 9GN

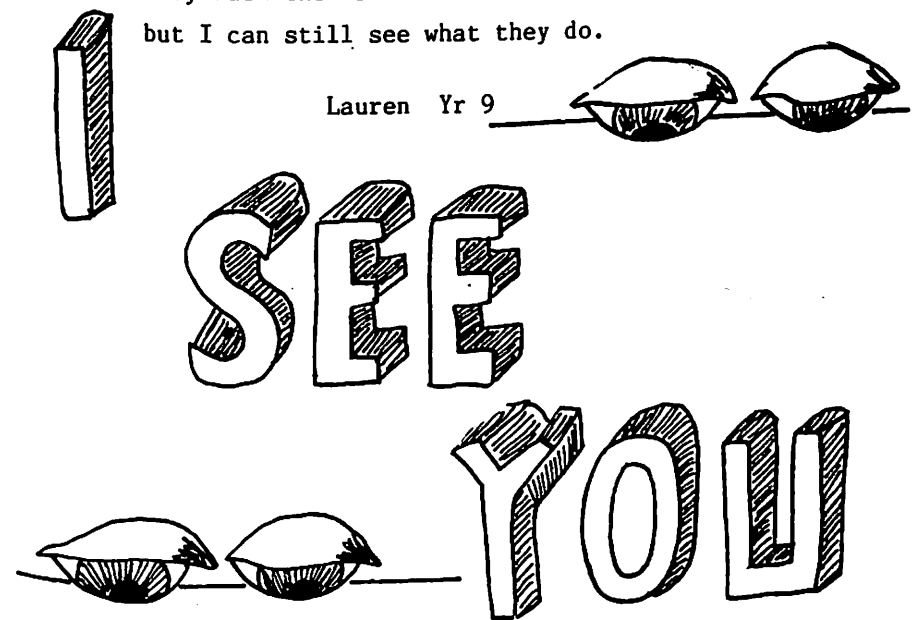


CEILING

You should see what people do
when they're by themselves.
The five year old picks his nose,
the twelve year old sings - she tries,
and what about the eighteen year old
bringing girls home nearly every night;
the parents, watching TV together
are not young any,more, but they try to act it.

I see everything up here -
EVERYTHING;
I'm just a ceiling, unclean.
They wash the walls and not me
but I can still see what they do.

Lauren Yr 9



SEE
YOU

GRAFFITI

GRAFFITI IS LEAVING YOUR MARKINGS BEHIND

ADDS COLOUR TO THE WORLD

MAKES READING WORTHWHILE

IS A FORM OF ART

IS A WAY OF EXPRESSION

EVERYWHERE WE GO WE SEE GRAFFITI

WORDS AND TAGS AND SLASHES

WHAT CAN I SAY? GRAFFITI'S COOL LIKE ME

THE PEOPLE WHO DO IT RULE

GRAFFITI IS THE NEW FASHION

PERSONALLY I LIKE GRAFFITI A LOT

IT'S TAGGING ON THE WALLS

LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN

WILD INTO A COLOURFUL BLEND

GRAFFITI IS 3174 AND M.C.3

GRAFFITI IS FOR TEENAGERS WITH NOTHING TO DO

IS DONE AT NIGHT OR IN A PRIVATE PLACE

IS HARD TO READ BUT HAS GOOD PICTURES

MY FRIEND DOES IT BUT HE'S A MORON

expression

PAINT

IT'S DONE BY VANDALS WITH SPRAY PAINT CANS

IS SUCH A MESS

ON TRAINS AND BUILDINGS

DONE BY BOGANS

IS A VIRUS

IS UGLY IF DONE UNPROFESSIONALLY

IS WHAT YOU LEAVE BEHIND

IS YOUR OWN DESIGN

IS SAYING YOU "WOZ ERE"

IS GIVING PEOPLE FEAR

IS LEAVING YOUR MARK

CAN BE SEEN IN THE DARK.

TURN THE CORNER

NO POLICE IN SIGHT

GRAB A CAN

AND DO IT RIGHT

BEAUTIFUL COLOUR SO BRIGHT

ON THAT WHITE DIVI-VAN TONIGHT

Group poem by Yr 9

new fashion

PAINT

Introducing poetry to students often attracts remarks such as:

'Oh boring miss....'

'I can't write poetry....'

'Poetry stinks. Can't we watch a horror movie instead.....'

So what changed these negative responses in the space of 10 weeks at Cleeland High.

Enter, Myron Lysenko.

Occupation: Poet-in-Residence.

Myron opened up a whole new world for Cleeland students. He peeled away their insecurities with poetry. This book is only a small reflection of his inspiration to them. He received over 1,000 poems, many from students who considered poetry 'uncool.' All year levels are represented in this anthology, covering a variety of topics, feelings and experiences.

I'm sure I speak for all the students (and staff) who would like to thank Myron for his humour, friendship, sincerity in sharing something he loves - POETRY. He certainly made it 'fun and accessible.'

This anthology is dedicated to our Poet-in-Residence for the last 10 weeks:

MYRON LYSENKO

M. Chatzis